THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE;

OR

Literary Miscellany.

VOL. II.] *PHILADELPHIA, September* 20, 1806. [No. 38.

The price of the Evening Fire-side is three dollars per annum.

For the Evening Fire-side.

TO THE PHILANTHROPIST:

On his 23d Number.

"Eadem fidelia duos parites dealbat."

Permit a conſtant reader to felicitate you, pon your happy riddance from the tram-ls of inflexible gravity. No longer exclu-ely confined to the gloomy precincts of gid morality, you may amble o'er the lvet lawns of literature, with all the gaie- of a mettled nag, delighting your behol-rs with the ſprightlineſs of your mein, and arming them by the graceful eaſe connect- with your movements. And yet I would be underſtood to expreſs unqualified approbation of what are called *ſerious ourſes*. I am well convinced that many tings of this ſtamp, are often productive real utility in directing the mind to pro- objects, and when iſſuing from the ſle pen of the Philanthropiſt, their force ſt be almoſt irreſiſtible: but in the main y fall far ſhort of anſwering the deſigned poſe. Rules for the regulation of moral duct, for the moſt part, carry with them authoritative air, which more or leſs be-s in the author a certain conſcious ſu-ority over his reader.—Whether this eriority be manifeſt in the nature of the iments, or, being more ſhrouded from , in the complexion of the ſtyle, it ſtill unts to the ſame thing. "Advice from perior (ſays ſomebody) borders very on a command:" and ſuch, ſir, is the *erſeneſs* of mankind, that nine in ten, may be led with all the tractableneſs good natured Spaniſh jack-aſs, will *vi et armis* every effort of conſtraint- readers of the Philanthropiſt obſerve pleaſure, his deviation from the path, ofore, ſo faſtidiouſly purſued. It is to be hoped he will not unfrequently, during his journey, ſtep aſide from the rugged road, to cull a noſegay from the parterres of gaiety. We ſhall then have his numbers delightfully variegated with the *utile et dulce*, ſo much ſpoken of, and ſo difficult of attainment. It is needleſs to urge that an endeavour to inculcate the precepts of morality and principles of religion, is always meritorious. That eſſays (tending to this point) which combine *ſtrength* of *thought* with *purity* of *diction* is a diſh that will ſuit moſt palates, but gaiety is a kind of attic *pepper*, with which the choiceſt viands may be advantageouſly ſeaſoned — it beguiles the tœdium of a vapid uniformity, nor ſuffers the repaſt to ſatiate.

My uncle Ned is a ſhrewd old fellow, poſſeſſing two-thirds of Mentor's penetration, but ſenſibly alive to ſtrokes of humour, and reliſhing innocent gaiety of every deſcription. Your 23d number has made him a warm advocate for your *philanthropy*; and he tells me it would afford him inexpreſſible pleaſure to give your whimſical inviſible a hearty ſhake by the hand. After eulogiſing the contents of your paper, for full ten minutes without intermiſſion, my uncle added with a ſmile of the moſt unaffected good nature playing on his countenance, that he felt himſelf much benefitted by his young friend's obſervations, but the comprehenſive nature of the ſubject precluded its being exhauſted in a ſingle eſſay. Man, continued he, has long been defined, "an animal capable of reaſon." A "tax paying animal" is a new idea, and in this age ſo deſtitute of novelty, every attempt at it is praiſe worthy. Theſe definitions are tolerably happy, but the Inviſible has ſhewn them exceptionable. Then he has omitted the "two legged unfeathered animal," or as Plato would phraſe it, (for my uncle is fluent in ancient literature) the "animal bipes, implumis." On a *haſty* view of the ſubject, the validity of this definition appears pretty evident: for in all my reading, continued my uncle, and I have conſulted the moſt profound writers and ſkillful experimentaliſts, who

"Could amputate with ease I trow,
A puppy's leg in utero;"—*

In all my reading I have found nothing like a deſcription of a feathered embryo. Authority ſeems alſo in our favour, for Swift † in direct terms ſanctions the definition; and who will give the lie to the reverend dean of St. Patrick's? Perhaps the inſtance of Mrs. Lendon's procreating genius may be adduced in oppoſition. It muſt be confeſſed, this prolepſis is really ſtaggering, and has a ſtrong tendency to overturn the platonic belief. We are told by a grave Engliſh writer ‡ that the abovementioned good lady hatched an egg, by confining it in her bosom ſix weeks. The hen-chick, the reſult of this brooding proceſs, was a nonpareil in ſagacity, and approached very near to our ideas of the *volucres homines*. Beſides the particulars relating to its birth, which approximated it very near to the human race, the little chirping biped was chriſtened Fanny, on account of its "exhibiting the pureſt affection, poſſeſſing a true ſenſe of gratitude, and often refuting a long ſtanding vulgar error, that man (that is the one unfeathered) is the only rational creature." Theſe are attributes which almoſt identify human nature. When we take a nearer view of the ſubject in queſtion, we find the preceeding obſervations aided by circumſtances equally powerful. Objections to man conſidered as an "unfeathered animal," pour in upon us like wave "impelled by wave." Is not the finding of wild hairy men, in ſome of the European foreſts, a circumſtance powerfully derogatory from this deſignation? Again, we have accounts of the Jewiſh king Nebuchadnezzar, (mind—not only a man but a king) having ſuch a ſtrong reſemblance to

* Terrible tractoration!

† See his letters

‡ The editor of a pseudo-philosophic, periodical work.

fledged animals, that "his hairs were like birds feathers, and his nails like eagles claws." Leſt theſe evidences ſhould not be deciſive, man himſelf, ever active in eſtabliſhing his favorite opinions, has put the fallacy of the definition beyond all controverſy: thus we read of a certain political Quixote, that having irritated the mob by his violent invectives, was bound to a maypole by them, who

" ——lifting high the pondrous jar,
Pour'd o'er his head the smoaking
And then the feather bag di
Was waved in triumph o'e
They spread him o'er wi
And down upon the tar ad
Till all complete appear'd ou
Like Gorgon or Chimera dire;
Nor more could boast on Plato's plan,
To rank amid, the race of man,
Or prove his claim to human nature,
As a two legg'd unfeather'd creature."

M'Fingal.

This famed definition then falls to the ground; and perhaps after ranſacking every nomenclature, we ſhall find none nearer the mark than "an animal capable of religion."

With this, my u definition of man, permit me to dr addreſs to a haſty concluſion. Should nothing ſiniſter occur, poſſibly ere long you may again hear from

URTICOSUS.

For the Evening Fire-side.

BOUT-RIMEZ.

Some years ſince when the young men and girls were more aſſiduous in the cultivation of their talents than we believe is at preſent the caſe, *Bout-rimez*, or the formation of verſes where the terminating words were given, was a faſhionable amuſement. The following pieces will afford a ſpecimen of talents by no means contemptible, and perhaps revive a taſte for this ſpecies of compoſition, as an agreeable entertainment for the youths of both ſexes. They are the early productions of a gentleman and lady, who will perhaps be ſurpriſed to ſee, what they now deem trifles, offered to the world; but the motive of exciting a laudable emulation will excuſe to them the unauthoriſed ſtep we have taken. It muſt be recollected by the reader, that where the genius is confined by having the terminating or rhyming words thus fixed, it is no very eaſy taſk to excel.

—

Now blooming ſweets adorn the opening vale,
And wafted odours ſcent the vernal gale;
With glowing warmth each raptur'd boſom burns,
And joy rekindles as the ſpring returns.
Loud on the diſtant hills the echoing horn
Proclaims the hunter rous'd, and cheers the morn.
The ſhades recede, ſee glad Aurora gild
The eaſtern ſkies; whilſt breathing zephyrs mild
Each ſenſe refre ſhes; now the orient glow
A round, wide flying ſtrikes the mountain's brow;
A ending fogs before its influence yield,
And leave reluct ly the flowing field.
Now to the ſtr to trip the verdant grove,
And raptur'd liſte to the cooing dove.
Whilſt numer beauties thus our ſenſes charm,
Let gratitude to heaven our boſoms warm.
Surrounding wonders teach our minds to know,
And bleſs that power from whom all beauties flow.

———.

—

How ſweet to wander thro' the vale,
And taſte the freſhness of the gale,
Ere Sol's meridian ardor burns;
Or when the fall of eve returns:
But chiefly when the enlivening horn
Proclaims the glad return of morn,
And ſ Aurora's beauties gild,
Sublimely great, yet ſweetly mild,
With nature's ſoftest, richeſt glow,
Of yonder hill the fertile brow;
While all the ſweets that Flora yields
Perfumes the well broider'd fields,
And round from every verdant grove,
Soft coos the gentle turtle dove.
Sure nature's univerſal charm
Would e'en the ſtoick's boſom warm,
And teach the haughty ſage to know,
The pleaſures that from feeling flow.

EMILIA.

For the Evening Fire-side.

Meſſrs. Editors,

Obſerving Az. was ſilent in your laſt number, and thinking it was the impoliteneſs he received from your female correſpondent, which occaſioned his ſilence, I have taken the liberty to ſtand in his place, and declare my avowed belief in the truth of his doctrine, as contained in his eſſay, ſubſequent to the ſyllogiſm which he has offered to prove the effect of advancement in knowledge; I ſhall not undertake to ſupport that propoſition, believing it diſputable, but the conſecutive reaſoning in the remaining part of his eſſay, meets my cordial approbation. I ſhall therefore, enter upon ſuch arguments in vindication of it as have occurred; in the firſt place, let us compare the ſtudy of the ſciences with the duties enjoined on a chriſtian, and conſider whether it is poſſible for them both to be attended to properly. We know, that in order to obtain a knowledge of the ſciences, much time and cloſe attention is neceſſary; but how will this ſquare with the chriſtian religion: let us examine—when our Saviour was on earth, and perſonally engaged in exhortation to mankind, he gave ſundry precepts, which I have been taught to believe, are in full force, and eſſential to be obſerved in this day. "Watch ye therefore and pray always:" Luke xxi. 36. was a command given to the inhabitants of Jeruſalem. At another time, in order to ſhew the neceſſity of watchfulneſs and prayer, and the good effect of them, he ſpake the parable of the importunate widow, Luke xviii. 1.—Again, a ſhort period preceding his crucifixion, when he knew his end was nearly arrived, and that he muſt ſoon depart and leave his beloved diſciples, he firſt gave this precept, "Watch ye, and pray, leſt ye enter into temptation;" with divers others to the ſame import, which fell from him in the exerciſe of his miſſion.

Now I do not ſuppoſe it was intended by theſe precepts, that people ſhould always be on their knees, nor that their attention ſhould be continually upon things of this nature. St. Paul ſays, "a man that will not provide for his family, is worſe than an infidel." There are certain things upon which the mind may be employed without incurring divine diſpleaſure, things that are neceſſary to our temporal happineſs. And were I required to draw a line of limitation whereunto people might go in purſuit of knowledge, I ſhould feel myſelf very much at a loſs how to act, or where to fix the boundary. Divine revelation is certainly the moſt ſure director, and the great author of our exiſtence, has in unbounded condeſcention, conferred this ineſtimable bleſſing on mankind, which is not reſtricted in action to any particular part of our conduct but univerſally directs in all the concerns of life; not only in matters of religion, but alſo extended to temporal things.

Our local ſituation in life affects the propriety of the attainment of knowledge, that is, what would be expedient and right for one, would be unneceſſary and improper for another. Our regard to the acquiſition of knowledge ſhould be governed by the degrees of concernment we have with it, and the expectation we have from it; these ſhould be the meaſures by which we ſhould proportion our diligence and application,

the acquirement of it. A mechanic does not require as much knowledge of the ſciences as a merchant, but does either of theſe claſſes, need ſo much as is at preſent in poſſeſſion of mankind? Nay they do not; it is not neceſſity leads people to ſtudy the ſciences, it may be accounted for in two ways: parents from various motives, impoſe the ſtudy of them on their offspring, and it is alſo a fondneſs others have for the ſtudy, a natural thirſt for knowledge, that exiſts in the mind, which induces them to embrace a ſtudy which right reaſon and revelation meaſurably oppoſe. How ridiculous, (not to ſay criminal) for mankind to laviſh their time in endeavouring to obtain that, which will be of no uſe to them, but otherwiſe an injury, if not in the *poſſeſſion* at leaſt in the *attainment* of it. The time given to work out the ſalvation of the ſoul, to cleanſe the veſſel of its dregs, to overcome our evil propenſities, and fit ourſelves for eternity, is ſpent in endeavouring to enlarge our underſtanding; and for what? Surely not to make us better Chriſtians; or why were the moſt illiterate called to be the diſciples of Chriſt, when in perſon he exiſted on this earth, nor can it be ſuppoſed any thing which would conduce to our furtherance towards perfection, would have been unnoticed, by our Saviour, as the ſciences were.

If the ſtudy of the ſciences enlarges the mind, and gives it to behold the beauty and harmony of the univerſe, and thereby excites adoration to the Almighty creator, it alſo at the ſame time prevents co-operation with the ſpirit of Chriſt in working out the ſoul's ſalvation. I know this is an unfaſhionable mode of arguing, but as the authenticity of the ſacred volume is very generally aſſented to, while matters of ſcientific contexture are diſputed; I conceive it a more ſubſtantial baſis for all arguments which come within its province, or are of ſuch nature as to admit of being very conſiſtently determined by it.

If a conſtant watchfulneſs and prayer is enjoined on mankind, as eſſential to qualify them for happineſs hereafter, then according to the nature of the mental ſyſtem, the ſtudy of the ſciences muſt be exploded. For theſe reaſons the attention of the mind is very definite, it cannot attend to more than one object at a time; and alſo, becauſe the ſtudy can in no manner operate to effect the purification of the ſoul. Neither can a perfect knowledge of the entire circle of the ſciences, inform us what the will of God concerning us as individuals is. The tenour of the New Teſtament, particularly that part ſubſequent to the crucifixion of our Saviour, namely, the Acts of the Apoſtles, Paul's Epiſtles, &c. abound with examples wherein diverſity of gifts, and conſequently divine requiſitions from individuals is very apparent; moral duties are uniformly required of all; but beſide theſe, there are other things required of us as individuals, in the relation we ſtand to our Maker and future happineſs, which exhibit the expediency of divine revelation, and alſo ſhow the inſufficiency of human intellect to underſtand divine requirings without ſupernatural aid.

Although the antecedent propoſition, deduced from ſcriptural authority, in a literal ſenſe, as the text ſtands recorded, and the conſtitution of the human mind, does in its propoſed conſtruction, totally reject the ſtudy of the ſciences, yet nevertheleſs, as a counterpoiſe, I think we may rationally and juſtly advance, that a knowledge of them, reſtricted by utility, or in other language, to underſtand as much of them as will be uſeful to us in our individual capacity, and the benefit of ſociety, cannot be injurious, nor in any manner repugnant to the will of our Maker.

But as I condemn the extenſive ſtudy which is beſtowed on the ſciences, I ſhall, under the impreſſion of rectitude of judgment, conclude this paper with the ſyllogiſm contained in the following reaſoning, and exhibit it thus:

That watchfulneſs and prayer are eſſential to ſalvation.

That the ſtudy of the ſciences diverts the mind from this ſtate.

Therefore the ſtudy of the ſciences is at leaſt dangerous.

PRIVADO.

For the Evening Fire-side.

ELEGY.

She's dead—in whose ſmiles us'd to play
The graces and languiſhing loves;
Whose lute when it warbled the lay,
With raptures enliven'd the groves.

She's dead—and no longer the gales
Will bear the the ſweet ſound of her ſong,
No longer her ſoul-thrilling tales,
Resound the deep woodlands among.

Each flower when verdant and gay,
That late did the valleys adorn,
Seems now, as it droops to decay,
The loſs of Eliza to mourn.

But yonder's a lilly in bloom:
I'll haſten and pull it with care:
It may grow by the ſide of her tomb—
It may laviſh its ſweetneſſes there.

And if, when I'm wand'ring by,
To fade ſhould the lilly appear,
I'll breathe on its beauties a ſigh,
And water its leaves with a tear.

H.

For the Evening Fire-side.

THE GLEANER: NO. X.

"Of all the cauſes which conſpire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and miſguide the mind,
What the weak head with ſtrongeſt bias rules,
Is pride, the never failing vice of fools."

POPE.

Divines and moraliſts have juſtly conſidered pride as a deteſtable vice—a folly in human nature, which, no doubt muſt appear ridiculous to beings of ſuperior faculties. It is a poiſon that vitiates all the good qualities a perſon may poſſeſs; and though their merit may be ever ſo great, pride alone will render them odious and contemptible. People by endeavouring to pleaſe themſelves too much, are apt to diſpleaſe the reſt of the world. Pride is one of the firſt vices that ſeizes upon the heart, becauſe it ariſes from ſelf-love; and it is many times the laſt vice that quits even thoſe who uſe their utmoſt endeavours to root it out. When it has been ſuffered to prevail over reaſon, the turbulent paſſions being fed by it, will reign over us with ungovernable fury: every little diſappointment will raiſe in our boſoms the violent ſtorms of jealouſy, anger, or madneſs. 'Tis thus pride often carries its own puniſhment with it, and corrects with miſery the unfortunate perſon who has cheriſhed it.

How much more happy is he who has cultivated the benign virtue of humility, which teaches us to keep ourſelves in a ſubmiſſive and condeſcending temper; and to guard againſt the firſt emotions of pride, vain-glory, and ſelf-conceit. Such a one feeling eaſy in himſelf, and influenced by ſenſations of univerſal benevolence to all around him, will candidly interpret the conduct and actions of thoſe with whom he is concerned, and guarding againſt every reproachful word or provoking expreſſion; he feels a diſpoſition to make others equally happy with himſelf: he loves all mankind, and himſelf is beloved in return.

G.

For the Evening Fire-Side.

Meſſrs. Editors,

"Gaming is a vice which brings ruin to a man's character and eſtate. It is attended with ſhame and remorſe; and infamy and diſgrace are the conſequences of it."

"Gaming,"—What is gaming? It conſiſts in certain reciprocal divertiſements between two or more perſons, for the purpoſe of paſſing the time away: this ſeems to have been the original deſign of the inſtitution. But, as merely paſſing time away was not ſufficient to ſatisfy every wiſh of the heart, gaming was turned into a channel of profit to the crafty, in order that diverſion might contribute a ſufficiency for the purpoſes of life, and be a means of an increaſe of wealth.

"Gaming is a vice,"—no perſon in his right mind will diſpute this, as it is utterly incompatable with the moral law of doing as we would be done by; the expediency of which law, even infidels aſſert to be requiſite for the welfare of human ſociety. For confirmation of this aſſertion, let every reader advert to the principle which the gameſter is governed by—*to cheat and win if he can, at the expence of another*:—and no doubt, every perſon of ſound judgment will not heſitate to ſay, "That gaming is a vice." Beſides, the waſte of time gaming occaſions, is another ſerious evil; for while a perſon is occupied in this way, his proper and laudable vocation is neglected, his affairs run into confuſion; and ſociety is deprived of a uſeful member: for all are uſeful to ſociety when they mind their proper buſineſs. Another thing we may advert to which proves it to be not only "a vice," but the parent of many vices: as gaming is introduced by idleneſs—ſo is a habit of idleneſs ſtrengthened by gaming;—avarice, or an inordinate deſire to cheat a friend or an enemy out of his property, comes next; after that, anger, malice, hatred, and a long train of diſcordant paſſions are excited. As theſe prey upon the unhappy ſubject, they force him to commit many extravagant, immoral actions, by which his fellow-creatures, as well as himſelf, are materially injured. Who then can doubt, but that "gaming is a vice which brings ruin to a man's character?"

That, "gaming brings ruin to a man's eſtate," is a correct aſſertion, may readily be proved by reference to thoſe innumerable and incalculable loſſes which accompany the practice. How many inſtances might be mentioned, in which whole eſtates have been fooled away in the courſe of a few weeks; aye, have been loſt, as a celebrated writer ſays, "by the caſt of a die." It is true, ſomebody wins: but of what uſe is this ill-gotten treaſure? Why, it is generally ſpent in drinking and carnality, or by and by ſome ſharper gains the prize, and thus there is an endleſs circulation of evil upon iniquity.

"It is attended with ſhame and remorſe." Let the numerous inſtances of ſuicide, which have followed immenſe loſſes by this practice, bear witneſs to this truth. By an inexcuſable folly, the moſt valuable poſſeſſions have been trifled with and loſt: the unfortunate gameſter is reduced to poverty, and can then no more hold that diſtinguiſhed place in the ſociety of the convivial and gay. "Shame and remorſe" now prey upon the mind—and happineſs being, to all appearance, forever fled away, our miſerable votory to folly is abandoned to deſpair.

"Infamy and diſgrace are the conſequences of it." What can be more diſgraceful, more infamous, than ſuch diſſipated, ſuch diſhoneſt, ſuch immoral, ſuch worthleſs characters? No doubt the good ſenſe of every reſpectable individual, concurs in affixing this indelible ſtigma upon thoſe who follow a practice ſo pernicious to the morals, and the happineſs of mankind.

I am yours, gentlemen,
With the greateſt reſpect,
EQUITUS.

For the Evening Fire-side.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

A gentleman who liv'd—no matter where;
A wife and two small children all his care;
Returning from his fields in gen'rous humor,
Of apples brought a hat full and a few more:
He gave his wife, of his delicious store,
Half what he had and half an apple more;
His older child, making a mighty grapple,
Seiz'd half of what was left and half an apple:
Half what remain'd he gave his younger son,
And half an apple;—leaving self just one.
Though at his nice division you may wonder,
Yet not an apple did he cleave asunder.
The quantity he had at first now tell me,
And I shall be your humble servant,

NELME.

For the Evening Fire-side.

Meſſrs. Editors,

The late ſolar eclipſe, having ſo juſtly excited the admiration of thouſands of ſpectators, as a rare and beautiful ſight—I have been induced to offer to the readers of the Fire-ſide, the prediction of another, and though very diſſimilar to the laſt, it may nevertheleſs, afford ſome pleaſure in the anticipation thereof, to ſuch as are in habits of contemplating celeſtial phenomina. But as calculations of this nature are ſubject to errors, eſpecially when they include lengthy periods of time, the writer will not vouch for the infallibility of his prediction: it may poſſibly prove incorrect in ſome few points—however, if any of your correſpondents ſhould think well to devote a leiſure hour to the calculation, the communication of the particulars of them would be gratifying. It will be as follows:

On the 17th of September, 1811, there will be an annular and nearly central eclipſe of the ſun, or a tranſit of the moon over the ſun's diſk, viſible at Philadelphia, at 2 o'clock, when there will be a ring of ſolar light around the moon; the moon will paſs about one minute ſouth of the ſun's centre, conſequently a rather larger portion of his northern limb will be apparent than of his ſouthern.

W. H.

To the Editors of the Evening Fire-side.

Gentlemen,

I thank you for the information conveyed in your laſt number, on the benefits accruing to mankind from the diſcovery of the art of writing; ſome whereof are to me entirely new: for although I have formed an high opinion of this art, yet, I muſt confeſs I was unacquainted with the full extent of its uſefulneſs: for example, you ſay (or which is the ſame thing, by inſertion you adopt the ſentiment) that thereby "a man may communicate his mind without opening his mouth, and intimate his pleaſure at ten thouſand leagues diſtance, only by the help of twenty-two letters; which will expreſs all things, both in heaven and earth." You muſt excuſe me, gentlemen, for troubling you on this head; but, as I do not underſtand you completely, I only wiſh you to give me a little information on one or two points contained in the above extract.

You ſay, "a man may communicate his mind at ten thouſand leagues diſtance," by the aſſiſtance of this art. As geographers inform us that the earth which we inhabit is not quite eight thouſand four hundred leagues in circumference, the half thereof, or four thouſand two hundred leagues, is the greateſt poſſible diſtance between any two points on its ſurface, it is therefore evident, that one at leaſt of the parties communicating with each other, muſt be removed five thouſand eight hundred leagues from the earth's ſurface. Now, I am a little curious to be informed of the ſituation of the correſpondent here alluded to; of the extent, riches, &c. of the country he inhabits, and of the origin and preſent ſtate

of the other inhabitants, if any, of this (to me) unknown region.

You say further, this is to be done "by the help of twenty-two letters;" for thereby all things may be expressed, &c. The alphabet, consisting of twenty-six letters, I am very anxious to know which of them you hold to be unnecessary; as the shortening of the labour of writing, must be confessed to be among the advantages of this discovery, and a saving of time and expence will be consequent thereon. If it is not too much trouble, please to inform your readers concerning the aforesaid matters, as no doubt, such information will be acceptable to them, as well as to

A SUBSCRIBER.

Sept. 10th, 1806.

[As the preceding communication is not only addressed to us as editors, but indirectly censures, by pronouncing us the approvers of what it condemns, we conceive it necessary to inform our SUBSCRIBER, that for the nature of the positions contained in any essay, published in the Evening Fire-side, we hold ourselves by no means responsible. Were the insertion of a communication invariably considered as an editorial sanction of its sentiments, we could not with any degree of consistency, permit the publication of controversial essays, in which the respective opinions are professedly in direct opposition to each other.

Yet with premising these principles, we feel no hesitation in satisfying our correspondent with respect to the objections he has urged.—In the *first*, we cannot conceive him serious, as he must certainly know it is an *hyperbole*, long sactioned by custom—a mode of expression used by the most correct and approved writers. In the *second*, however, he has more *apparent* cause for objection; we will therefore satisfy his *anxiety* by the following quotation from Lindley Murray:

"Several letters marked in the English alphabet as consonants, are either superfluous or represent not simple, but complex sounds, c for instance is superfluous in both its sounds, the one being expressed by *k*, as in *cushin*, and the other by *s*, as in *ace*; G in the soft pronunciation is a complex sound; as *age* is pronounced *aidge*; J, is unnecessary, because its sound and that of the soft G, are in our language the same, as in *sage*; Q, with its attendant *u*, is either complex and resolvable into *kw*, as in *quality*, or unnecessary because its sound is the same with *k*, as in *opaque*; X is compounded of *gs*, as in *example*, or of *ks*, as in *expect*."

And thus, by an unquestionable authority, the *necessary* alphabet is evidently restricted to twenty-two letters.]

Selected for the Evening Fire-side.

PARAPHRASE ON PART OF STERNE'S MARIA.

As I passed, I beheld, by a poplar o'er shaded,
Where a rill, thro' a thicket, meander'd along,
Maria, whose bloom her distresses had faded,
Wildly warbling her tenderly querulous song.

Her form, in a robe of pure white was invested,
Her hair, o'er her delicate hand, loosely flow'd,
As upon it her craz'd head she pensively rested,
And gaz' on the flow'rs that around her were strew'd.

From the girdle that clasped her, a string was suspended,
To which Sylvio, her only companion, was tied;
Her pipe on a ribbon of pale green depended,
That hung from her shoulder, and wav'd at her side.

This regard of her father she ne'er could recover;
Her goat, that once sported along as she stray'd,
Had deserted her, like her ungenerous lover,
And left to herself this unfortunate maid.

As I look'd at her dog, the sweet girl drew him nearer,
'Ah! leave me not, Sylvio,' she tenderly cries:
She remember'd her goat; but her father still dearer,
Drew tears of regret from her wild rolling eyes.

I sat down beside her, in mute contemplation,
And wip'd off her tears, e'er they fairly had flown,
While my bosom was throbbing with strong pertubation:
I wip'd off alternately hers and my own.

The mind of Maria recall'd the impression,
I'd made when I pitied her sorrows before;
And the charms that attended her artless confession,
Now heightened the feeling of sympathy more.

'I remember,' said she 'tho' my mind was distracted,
'The stranger who saw me, with pity was mov'd,
'To see the unhappy Maria neglected,
'By those she had honour'd, and him she had lov'd.

'My goat stole his handkerchief, and the offender
'I beat, and he left me, to wander alone;
'But I wash'd, and have kept it, and mean to surrender,
'Should I e'er again see him, what's truly his own."

Then saying no more, the unfortunate mourner
Produc'd it, enclos'd in the leaves of a vine;
A tendril surrounded it, and, on the corner,
I saw the initial that told me 'twas mine.

'Since that have I seen, in my devious wand'rings,
'St. Peter's at Rome, and walk'd round it with joy—
'The Po and the Tiber's romantic meand'rings,
'And return'd without shoes o'er the flints of Savoy.

'The cloud cover'd Appenines too, have beheld me
'On their hoary cliffs roving, alone and forlorn—
'But the same kind divinity led and upheld me,
'That tempers the wind to the lamb that is shorn.'

Shorn indeed to the quick, said I; but could I ever
Be blest with thy sight in my peaceful cot,
No sorrows of thine, or my own, should dissever
Maria, from him who now pities her lot.

My study should be to relieve thy distresses;
Thy heart chill'd by neglect, should my sympathy warm;
Ev'ry tear should be dried by my tender caresses,
And my cottage should shelter thy limbs from the storm.

No more o'er the cliff, or the cataract foaming,
Should the steps of the hapless Maria be led;
But whene'er I beheld thee, in solitude roaming,
My hand should conduct thee back safe to my shed.

When, at evening, the sun in his splendour descended,
To Heav'n should our mutual devotion arise,
And my pray'rs, by the sound of thy soft pipe attended,
Smiling Seraphs should hear on their wings to the skies.

My heart thrill'd again, for the fair mourner grieving,
My eyes were with tears of compassion suffused;
I was wiping them off—when Maria, perceiving,
My 'kerchief already too drench'd to be us'd,—

'Let me wash it,' said she, 'in this stream near us flowing:'
And where will you dry it? half fell from my tongue;
'In my bosom,' said she—And is that still so glowing?
I touched on the string, where her sorrows all hung.

I discern'd by her wild eye, her painful sensation:
To the Virgin she tun'd her pipe, plaintive and low,
The string I had touch'd upon ceas'd its vibration,—
She dropt her pipe, hastily rising to go.

Adieu, sweet Maria! Adieu lovely creature!
Thy griefs undeserv'd I must pity in vain,
For none but the Infinite Author of nature,
Who has wounded thy heart can e'er heal it again.

K.

Georgetown, (S. C.) August 11, 1806.

For the Evening Fire-side.

Messrs. Editors,

The following essay, from the "Citizen of the World," on the prevalence and absurdity of a disposition to accredit every idle report, without investigation, and apparently in proportion to its improbability—tho' only intended by the author as a satire on the English, may not be inapplicable to the American reader.

It is the most usual method in every report, first to examine its probability, and

then act as the conjecture may require. The Engliſh, however, exert a different ſpirit in ſuch circumſtances; they firſt act and, when too late, begin to examine. From a knowledge of this diſpoſition, there are ſeveral here who make it their buſineſs to frame new reports at every convenient interval, tending to denounce ruin both on their contemporaries and their poſterity. This denunciation is eagerly caught up by the public; away they fling to propagate the diſtreſs; ſell out at one place, buy in at another, grumble at their governors, ſhout in mobs, and when they have thus, for ſome time, behaved like fools, ſit down cooly to argue and talk wiſdom, to puzzle each other with ſyllogiſm, and prepare for the next report that prevails, which is always attended with the ſame ſucceſs.

Thus are they ever riſing above one report only to ſink into another. They reſemble a dog in a well, pawing to get free. When he has raiſed his upper parts above water, and every ſpectator imagines him diſengaged, his lower parts drag him down again, and ſink him to the noſe: he makes new efforts to emerge, and every effort increaſing his weakneſs, only tends to ſink him the deeper.

There are ſome here, who, I am told, make a tolerable ſubſiſtence by the credulity of their countrymen: as they find the public fond of blood, wounds, and death, they contrive political ruin ſuitable to every month in the year; this month the people are to be eaten up by the French in flat-bottomed boats; the next by the ſoldiers deſigned to beat the French back; now the people are going to jump down the gulph of luxury; and now nothing but a herring ſubſcription can fiſh them up again. Time paſſes on; the report proves falſe; new circumſtances produce new changes, but the people never change, they are perſevering in folly.

In other countries, thoſe boding politicians would be left to fret over their own ſchemes alone, and grow ſplenetic without hopes of infecting others: but England ſeems to be the very region where ſpleen delights to dwell: a man not only can give an unbounded ſcope to the diſorder in himſelf, but may, if he pleaſes, propagate it over the whole kingdom, with a certainty of ſucceſs. He has only to cry out, that the government, the government is all wrong, that their ſchemes are leading to ruin, that Britons are no more: every good member of the commonwealth thinks it his duty, in ſuch a caſe, to deplore the univerſal decadence with ſympathetic ſorrow, and by fancying the conſtitution in a decay, abſolutely to impair its vigour.

This people would laugh at my ſimplicity, ſhould I adviſe them to be leſs ſanguine in harbouring gloomy predictions, and examine coolly before they attempted to complain. I have juſt heard a ſtory, which, though tranſacted in a private family, ſerves very well to deſcribe the behaviour of the whole nation, in caſes of threatened calamity. As there are public, ſo there are private incendaries here. One of the laſt, either for the amuſement of his friends, or to divert a fit of the ſpleen, lately ſent a threatening letter to a worthy family in my neighbourhood, to this effect.

"Sir, knowing you to be very rich, and finding myſelf to be very poor, I think proper to inform you, that I have learned the ſecret of poiſoning man, woman, and child, without danger of detection. Don't be uneaſy, ſir, you may have your choice of being poiſoned in a fortnight, or a month, or poiſoned in ſix weeks: you ſhall have full time to ſettle your affairs. Though I'm poor, I love to do things like a gentleman. But, ſir, you muſt die; I have determined it within my own breaſt that you muſt die. Blood, ſir, blood is my trade; ſo I could wiſh you would this day ſix weeks take leave of your friends, wife and family, for I cannot poſſibly allow you longer time. To convince you more certainly of the power of my art, by which you may know I ſpeak truth; take this letter, when you have read it, tear off the ſeal, fold it up and give it to your Dutch maſtiff that ſits by the fire, he will ſwallow it, ſir, like a buttered toaſt; in three hours four minutes after he has taken it, he will attempt to bite off his own tongue, and half an hour after burſt aſunder in twenty pieces. Blood, blood, blood; ſo no more at preſent from, ſir, your moſt obedient, moſt devoted humble ſervant to command till death."

You may eaſily imagine the conſternation into which this letter threw the whole good natured family. The poor man to whom it was addreſſed was the more ſurpriſed, as not knowing how he could merit ſuch inveterate malice. All the friends of the family were convened; it was univerſally agreed that it was a moſt terrible affair, and that the government ſhould be ſolicited to offer a reward and pardon: a fellow of this kind would go on poiſoning family after family; and it was impoſſible to ſay where the deſtruction would end. In purſuance of theſe determinations, the government was applied to; ſtrict ſearch was made after the incendiary, but in vain. At laſt therefore, they recollected that the experiment was not yet tried upon the dog; the Dutch maſtiff was brought up, and placed in the midſt of the friends and relations, the ſeal was torn off, the pacquet folded up with care, and ſoon they found, to the great ſurpriſe of all——that the dog would not eat the letter. Adieu.

Selected for the Evening Fire-side.

An account of the eſcape of Sir Sidney Smith, from his confinement in the Temple, at Paris.

"As the ſtory of ſir Sidney Smith's eſcape from his priſon, has been involved in ſome ambiguity, a ſhort recital of it, will, perhaps, not be unintereſting.

"After ſeveral months had rolled away, ſince the gates of his priſon had firſt cloſed upon the Britiſh hero, he obſerved that a lady who lived in an upper apartment on the oppoſite ſide of the ſtreet, ſeemed to look toward that part of the priſon in which he was confined. As often as he obſerved her, he played ſome tender air upon his flute, by which, and by imitating every motion which ſhe made, he at length ſucceeded in fixing her attention upon him, and had the happineſs of remarking that ſhe occaſionally obſerved him with a glaſs.

"One morning when he ſaw that ſhe was looking attentively upon him in this manner, he tore a blank leaf from an old maſs book which was lying in his cell, and with the ſoot of the chimney, contrived, by his finger, to deſcribe upon it, in a large character, the letter A, which he held to the window to be viewed by his fair ſympathizing obſerver. After gazing upon it for ſome time, ſhe nodded to ſhow that ſhe underſtood what he meant. Sir Sidney then touched the top of the firſt bar of the grating of his window, which he wiſhed her to conſider as the repreſentative of the letter A, the ſecond B, and ſo on, until he had formed from the top of the bars, a correſponding number of letters; and by touching the middle, and bottom parts of them, upon a line with each other, he eaſily, after having inculcated the firſt impreſſion of his wiſhes, completed a telegraphic alphabet. This proceſs of communication, was, from its nature, very ſlow, but ſir Sidney had the happineſs of obſerving, upon forming the firſt word, that this excellent being, who beamed before him like a guardian angel, ſeemed completely to comprehend it, which ſhe expreſſed by an aſſenting movement of the head.

"Frequently obliged to deſiſt from this tacit and tedious intercourſe, from the dread of exciting the curioſity of the goalers, or his fellow priſoners, who were permitted to walk before his window, Sir Sidney occupied ſeveral days in communicating to his unknown friend, his name and quality, and imploring her to procure ſome unſuſpected royaliſt of conſequence and addreſs ſufficient for the undertaking, to effect his eſcape; in the achievement of which he aſſured her, upon his word and honour, that whatever coſt might be incurred, would be amply reimburſed, and that the bounty and gratitude of his country would nobly remunerate thoſe who had the talent and bravery to accompliſh it. By the ſame means he enabled her to draw confidential and accredited bills, for conſiderable ſums of money, for the promotion of the ſcheme, which ſhe applied with the moſt perfect integrity.

"Colonel Phelipeaux was at this time at Paris; a military man of rank, and a ſecret royaliſt, moſt devoutly attached to the fortunes of the exiled family of France, and to thoſe who ſupported their cauſe. He had been long endeavouring to bring to maturity, a plan for facilitating their reſtoration, but which the loyal adherent, from a ſeries of untoward and uncontrollable circumſtances, began to deſpair of accompliſhing.

"The lovely deliverer of Sir Sidney, applied to this diſtinguiſhed character, to whom ſhe was known, and ſtated the ſingular correſpondence which had taken place between herſelf and the heroic captive in the Temple.

"Phelipeaux, who was acquainted with the fame of Sir Sidney, and chagrined at the failure of his former favourite ſcheme, embraced the preſent project with a ſort of prophetic enthuſiaſm, by which he hoped to reſtore to the Britiſh nation, one of her greateſt heroes, who, by his ſkill and valour, might once more impreſs the common enemy with diſmay, augment the glory of his country, and cover himſelf with the laurels of future victory.

"Intelligent, active, cool, daring, and inſinuating, colonel Phelipeaux immediately applied himſelf to bring to maturity, a plan at once ſuitable to his genius, and intereſting to his wiſhes. To thoſe, whom it was neceſſary to employ upon the occaſion, he contrived to unite one of the clerks of the miniſter of the police, who forged his ſignature with exact imitation, to an order for removing the body of Sir Sidney from the Temple to the priſon of the Conciergerie.

"After this was accompliſhed, on the day after that on which the inſpector of goals was to viſit the Temple and Conciergerie, a ceremony, which is performed once a month in Paris, two gentlemen of tried courage and addreſs, who were previouſly inſtructed by colonel Phelipeaux, diſguiſed as officers of the marechauſſe, preſented themſelves in a fiacre at the Temple, and demanded the delivery of Sir Sidney, at the ſame time ſhowing the forged order for his removal. This the goaler attentively peruſed and examined, as well as the miniſter's ſignature.

"Soon after the regiſter of the priſon informed Sir Sidney of the order of the Directory, upon hearing which, he at firſt appeared to be a little diſconcerted, upon which the pſeudo-officers gave him every aſſurance of the honour and mild intentions of the government towards him. Sir Sidney ſeemed more reconciled, packed up his clothes, took leave of his fellow priſoners, and diſtributed little tokens of his gratitude to thoſe ſervants of the priſon, from whom he had experienced indulgencies.

"Upon the eve of their departure, the regiſter obſerved, that four of the priſon guard ſhould accompany them. This arrangement menaced the whole plan with immediate diſſolution. The officers without betraying the leaſt emotion, acquieſced in the propriety of the meaſure, and gave orders for the men to be called out, when, as if recollecting the rank and honour of their illuſtrious priſoner, one of them addreſſed Sir Sidney, by ſaying, "Citizen, you are a brave officer, give us your parole, and there is no occaſion for an eſcort." Sir Sidney replied, that he would pledge his faith, as an officer, to accompany them without reſiſtance, wherever they choſe to conduct him.

"Not a look nor a movement betrayed the intention of the party. Every thing was cool, well-timed, and natural. They entered a fiacre, which as is uſual, was brought for the purpoſe of removing him, in which, he found changes of clothes, falſe paſſports, and money. The coach moved with an accuſtomed pace, to the Fauxbourg St. Germain, where they alighted, and parted in different directions. Sir Sidney met colonel Phelipeaux at the appointed ſpot of rendezvous.

"The project was ſo ably planned and conducted, that no one but the party concerned was acquainted with the eſcape, until near a month had elapſed, when the inſpector paid his next periodical viſit.

"What pen can deſcribe the ſenſations of two ſuch men as Sir Sidney and Phelipeaux, when they firſt beheld each other in ſafety? Heaven befriended the generous and gallant exploit. Sir Sidney and his noble friend, reached the French coaſt wholly unſuſpected, and committing themſelves to their God, and to the protective genius of brave men, put to ſea in an open boat, and were ſoon afterwards diſcovered by an Engliſh cruiſing frigate, and brought in ſafety to the Britiſh ſhores.

"The gallant Phelipeaux ſoon afterwards accompanied Sir Sidney, in the Tigre, to Acre, where, overwhelmed by the fatigue of that extraordinary campaign, in which he bore a diſtinguiſhed part, and the noxious influence of a ſultry climate, operating upon a delicate frame, he expired in the arms of his illuſtrious friend, who attended him to his grave, and ſhed the tears of gratitude and friendſhip over his honoured and lamented obſequies. But, ere the dying Phelipeaux cloſed his eyes, he received the rewards of his generous enterpriſe. He beheld the repulſed legions of the Republic, flying before the Britiſh banners, and the irreſiſtable proweſs of his valiant companion; he beheld the diſtinguiſhed being, whom he had thus reſcued from a dungeon, and impending deſtruction, by an act of almoſt romantic heroiſm, covered with the unparticipated glory, of having overpowered a leader, who, renowned, and long accuſtomed to conqueſt, ſaw, for the firſt time, his *invincible troops* give way!! who, inflamed to deſperation, deemed the perilous expoſure of his perſon, neceſſary to rally them to the conteſt, over bridges of their ſlaughtered comrades, but who, at length, was obliged to retire from the field of battle, and to leave to the heroic Sir Sidney, the excluſive exultation of announcing to his grateful and elated country, that he had fought and vanquiſhed the laurelled conqueror of Italy, and bold invader of Egypt."

[*Carr's Stranger in France.*]

Remarkable Occurrence.

On heaving down the ſhip Pennſylvania Packet, late from Canton, in order to diſcover a trifling leak, which ſhe had experienced on her paſſage homeward, it was diſcovered that ſhe had been ſtruck about 6 feet below the bends, by a *Sword-Fiſh*, which had forced its tuſk or ſword, through the copper ſheathing and bottom plank, to the ceiling inſide, and being unable to draw

it out again, had left it remaining in the bottom, and broken ſhort off outſide. The force with which it was driven in, was ſo great, as to ſplinter the plank, and cauſe the leak. Part of the ſword was cut off in extricating it, the remainder meaſures ten inches long, and nearly two in diameter.

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

New-York, Sept, 16.

The arrival at this port of the ſchooner Atlantic, captain Howard, from Nantes, has enabled us to lay before our readers, intelligence from Europe of conſiderable importance. Our Paris papers are to the 28th July inclusive, and our letters from Nantes to the 4th of August.

A TREATY OF PEACE, of which the conditions had not been made public, was ſigned at Paris on the 30th of July, between Ruſſia and France, and had been forwarded to Petersburgh for ratification.

A confederation of ſome of the petty ſtates of Germany has been entered into for the purpoſe of mutual defence, with a view to their ſeparation from the Germanic empire.

The fortreſs of Gaeta has at length ſurrendered after a defence which will make no inconſiderable figure in the hiſtory of the preſent times. The garriſon ſuſtained a continual fire of 11 days with open trenches, during which time 800,000 pounds of powder was conſumed by the beſiegers.

We have ſeen a letter from Nantz of the 1ſt of Auguſt, which ſays, 'Laſt evening's mail brought news from Paris, authoriſing the free exportation of grain to any port or ports. by neutrals.' This ſhews a pacific diſpoſition towards England.

The harveſt in France is ſtated to be the moſt abundant ever known. Wheat would not ſell at more than 6 livres.

September 17.

Arrived this morning, ſhip Delaware, Farmer, 50 days from Amſterdam.

The Delaware was ſent into Portſmouth, (Eng.) by a Britiſh cruiſer, and cleared. Sailed from thence about the 8th of Auguſt, and brings London dates to the 6th. They ſtate the almoſt abſolute certainty of PEACE. Lord Lauderdale had gone over to France in quality of Miniſter Plenipotentiary. The news of a treaty between France and Ruſſia is confirmed.

Lord Lauderdale ſailed from England in the Clyde frigate, and anchored in Calais harbour, where he landed amid the acclamations of the populace. As a confirmation of the ſtrong proſpect of a general Peace, the Dutch fleet in the Texel had been diſmantled, and the French troops were evacuating Holland. A grand national fete was to take place in Paris early in September.

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The following intereſting extract is from an American gentleman, of whoſe intelligence and correctneſs we have a perſonal knowledge, dated Nantz, Aug. 1.

"It is reported on the authority of private letters from Paris, that the Preliminary treaty with England is actually *ſigned*; and ſome ſtatements go ſo far as to ſpeak of the articles. Among a variety of others, I have heard that France cedes to England the Iſles of France and all claim to her poſſeſſion in the Eaſt Indies, the Cape of Good Hope, Hanover, &c.

"England cedes to France, Gibraltar, Malta and relinquiſhes for ever the trade of the Mediterranean. I mention theſe as mere reports; but no doubt exiſts of the principal articles being mutually agreed upon, and that both parties are ſeriouſly bent on making peace."

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While the negociations for the reſtoration of peace between England and France have given riſe to much political ſpeculation, the exceſſive ſecrecy, under which Miniſterial affairs have been conducted, has furniſhed a fruitful theme of editorial merriment. The following piece of pleaſantry is from a late London courier:

Myſterious Occurrence.

London, July 26.

Late laſt night, two men were obſerved upon Weſtminſter bridge by the watchmen with a ſack upon their ſhoulders, with which they ſeemed to be haſtening to a poſt chaiſe that ſtood near Asley's. There was an air of much myſtery about them, and every now and then they turned back to ſee if any one was following them. The ſack was large enough to contain a man. The watchmen's ſuſpicions were excited, and they followed and queſtioned the men. The men refuſed to make any other reply than that it was a ſecret affair. This increaſing inſtead of diminiſhing ſuſpicion, the watchmen took them into cuſtody, ſuppoſing the ſack to contain ſtolen property, or a man that had been murdered, or that the fellows had ſtolen the dead body for the ſurgeons.

They were taken to the watch houſe, and locked up all night. Early this morning they were eſcorted under a ſtrong guard, with the ſack, to one of the police offices. Horror ſat upon the countenances of the watchmen, and ſomething like diſmay even upon the viſage of the juſtices. The ſack was ordered to be untied—ſomething moved in it—and out from the ſack tumbled—not a dead body, but a living one. This made the affair much more intereſting; and an exclamation burſt from every one, that the poor man was going to be murdered. The fellows were ordered to give an account of themſelves. They ſaid they had been hired to go to a houſe in Stable Yard, where a ſhort, fat, dark viſaged man, had deſired them to enclose a perſon in a ſack, and carry him over to Weſtminſter bridge, where a carriage was waiting, into which they were to put him. This was all the account they could give, except that they were deſired not to look in the perſon's face. The affair now aſſumed a more ſerious appearance, the ſtrangers were excluded, and their worſhips reſolved upon a ſecond inveſtigation in their own room. The perſon who had been in the ſack, and who had hitherto kept his face concealed, was directed to give ſome further explanation of himſelf, when he took the handkerchief from his eyes, and lo! a king's meſſenger appeared in propria perſona! Government having reſolved upon uſing the greateſt ſecrecy with reſpect to the arrival and departure of meſſengers, but that ſecrecy not having been ſufficiently availing, had determined, it ſeems, to ſend off the meſſenger with our *ultimatum* from Mr. Fox, in a ſack, and put him in a poſt chaiſe on the other ſide of Weſtminſter bridge. Whether he was to travel and be ſhipped for Bologne in a ſack, was not ſtated; but it is rumoured that the 'ſecret of the ſack' having been diſcovered, his majeſty's miniſters mean to diſpatch Baſilico *in a balloon.*

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It has been lately announced that the ruins of two great cities have been diſcovered, in the Ruſſian Empire, of which there are no accounts in hiſtory: one of them is in the Iſle of Jaman, in the black ſea; the other in a diſtrict of Siberia.

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Interments in the different burial grounds of the City and Liberties of Philadelphia, from the 6th to 13th of September. Adults 29—Children 23—Total 52.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. Z.—"Anſwer not a fool according to his folly, leſt thou be like unto him."

Brevi as, Un garçon de fermier, and others, are under conſideration.

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